

# BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

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## CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Who Knows WHEN

Steamboats will sink or burn?  
Railroad trains will be wrecked?  
Boilers or lamps will explode?  
Horses will take fright and run?  
Bricks or timbers will fall?  
Fire burn or lightning strike?  
Machinery will crush or mangle?  
Tools or glass will cut?  
Splinters or nails will wound?  
Slips and falls will happen?  
Hammers and wrenches will bruise?  
Ladders or staging will give way?  
Animals will kick or bite?  
Limbs will be sprained or broken?  
Fatal or disabling injury by accident may be caused in any one of a thousand ways  
As no one knows, the only safe and sure way is to

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the HIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Single team, 10¢  
Loaded wagon and two animals, 15¢  
Each additional pair of animals, 5¢  
Horseman, 5¢  
Pack animals, each, 5¢  
Rope and sheep, each, 5¢  
Lumber stock, each, 5¢  
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No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.  
All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as the creek is given.

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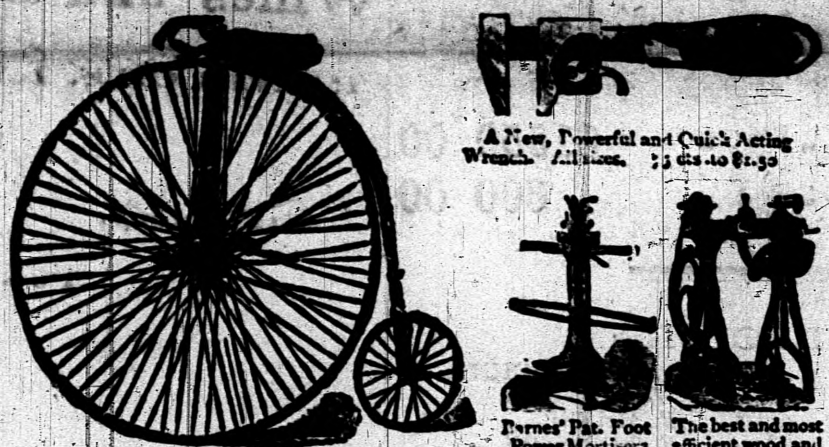
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5th—It has the Tomlinson patent endless facing.  
6th—It is custom made and finished.  
7th—It cannot break or tear anywhere.

## ROUTING A BEAR.

Drain Trees a Cowboy with a Grin, But Retires in Discomfiture.

A cowboy tells the Fargo correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune this bear story: "I haven't time to tell you a long yarn" tonight, but will give you my first experience with a bear, away back in the early mining days, when Helena was a mere mining camp, and not large at that. I had struck a prospect pocket away up near the head of Lonesome gulch, and was working it alone. I had to go down the gulch for my regular grubstake one fine day in the fall of 1882. My prospect was about seven miles from Helena, and I had made a little over half the distance on my way back, little dreaming of bears or any thing else but my gold pocket, which hadn't panned out as well as I expected.

"My prospect was pretty well loaded with four, five and other stuff, and I had my rifle lying across the floor sack in front of me. My horse seemed to be dreaming, as I was, when out of the brush into our path came a great big bear. My horse gave a start and wheeled like a flash, throwing me into the brush as he departed down the trail as if all the bears in the country were at his heels. I had no revolver and my rifle was traveling down the mountain.

"My knowledge of bears was limited, and I was not anxious for any new acquaintances in that line, but not so the bear. He seemed to regard me with a friendly eye, for he boldly advanced while I made for a tree with all the speed that my legs were capable of. The bear wanted to keep me company, for he got to the foot of the tree by the time I had gained my limb about six feet from the ground. The tree was just about small enough for the fellow to climb, and he tried his claws on the bark as high as he could reach. I was in a bad fix and no way to help myself.

"I couldn't use a knife for I had none, but I had a look at a happy thought. I had a rope of kerosene oil suspended around my neck, which I thought would make his eyes smart and drive him away. The oil had no effect on the eyes if it managed to get into them, for the miserable creature continued to look up at me and seemed to grin. Then another idea got into my head. I had a fresh box of matches, and if I could set fire to the oil that I poured over the bear's head the battle was won. I made several attempts to drop burning matches on the oily hair of the bear, but the lumberer either went out or missed the mark.

"I had no paper, but I managed to tear a piece of lining out of my vest, and getting into almost three feet long fastened the rag to it, set fire to the rag, and with more satisfaction than I ever did anything since, I threw the burning rag at the end of the stick until within about three feet of the bear's oil-soaked head and let it drop. In about one second I was enjoying all the fun to myself, and the other fellow was in trouble.

"The oil instantly took fire, and the blaze from the burning hair was something good for one in my place to gaze at. The animal was surprised beyond the limit of any creature's imagination. One moment pain, then the power to rub the burning head, then a burst far from the tree, followed by a roar, then down went the nose into the dirt, but no relief, when, with a terrible howl, the bear made a rush through the brush up the mountain out of sight.

"Well, boys," said Sullivan, "you may laugh all you're a mind to, but it will be a long day before you can enjoy any thing as I did to see that bear out of my way. I thought that I was his meat. I didn't wait long after the bear left, for his howls might have called some of his friends around to see what was up. I found myself and my horse in the brush, and I found my bear in his travels, and I think the poor beast must have died. I'll see you all to-morrow night," and the old man had gone up the bluff to his cabin.

## MARRIED BY A TRICK.

How a Chicago Man and His Wife Were Wed in Boston.

Some years ago, when free-love notions were running around loose in New England, says the Chicago Tribune, a Boston man and woman who had imbibed of these doctrines until they affected to despise all the common conventionalities of life, came to the conclusion that they would live together without going through the ridiculous and unnecessary ceremony of marriage. They both moved in good society and made no secret of their intention; in fact they announced it to every one they met. Staid old Boston's aristocracy was shaken to the depths at such an unheard-of proceeding—apparently determined upon in the best of faith. Relatives, friends and even chance acquaintances tried all manner of reasoning and persuasion upon the wayward couple, but to no avail. The man and woman quietly pursued the even tenor of their way, not being the least alarmed when legal proceedings were threatened by the woman's parents. So a plan was patched up by some intimate friends of the couple by which it was hoped to circumvent them in their intention. The man was prevailed upon to give a dinner party, to which were invited prominent society people, including the Governor of the State. When dessert was put upon the table the talk became general, and soon turned upon the perverse couple. The man and woman answered every question put to them with the most perfect equanimity. Finally the Governor took a hand in the conversation. After asking a few questions and commenting on the answers thereof in a calm judicial manner he turned to the man and asked:

"Do you, Mr. , intend to love and cherish this woman as your wife, for good or evil, for better or worse?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, calmly.

"And do you, madam, intend to obey this man as your husband, for better or worse, for good or evil?"

"No, sir," answered the woman, politely.

"Then, by the power vested in me as Governor of this Commonwealth, I declare you to be man and wife."

And thus the plans of the couple were frustrated, for which they afterwards declared they were heartily thankful. They are now old and respected residents of Chicago.

A Chicago baby has just been born with a full set of teeth. Chicago steak, as well as every thing else in Chicago, is exceedingly tough, and this is another evidence that the Lord tempers the steers lamb to the wind.

## A CHINESE HOSPITAL.

How Medical Science Is Practiced in the Flowery Kingdom.

I recently visited the Tung Wa Hospital at Hong Kong, and saw there many things of interest, the routine in a Chinese hospital being very different from that of a European one. The writer in the St. James' Gazette. In the early days of the colony the Chinese inhabitants used commonly to thrust out their sick and dying into the street, there to perish. To remedy this scandalous state of things the Government officials provided a hospital for the exclusive use of the Chinese community, and this offer they accepted, with the proviso that it should be under their own management. A suitable building was accordingly erected and handed over to a Chinese committee in 1837. The medical staff are all Chinese, and the patients are all Europeans.

As our charters deposited us at the entrance to the hospital, a fine stone building situated in the center of the Chinese quarter, we observed a crowd of people in front of a series of large frames suspended against the wall and containing some hundreds of photographs. The staid demeanor of the crowd gave us no hint as to the true nature of the exhibition; and it was only on our way out that a casual glance at the photographs revealed to us the ghastly truth. A few days previously one of the passenger steamboats which ply between Hong Kong and Canton took a little while she had on board over three hundred Chinese, who had come to the harbor on board of the steamer. Nearly all these poor people were lost, though the steamboat was run ashore and there were plenty of native boats about. The few who were saved owed their lives to a passing European vessel. The committee of the Tung Wa Hospital had had the bodies photographed, and the gruesome picture was shown in public for purposes of identification. A less careless place now shows us some pathetic groups—wives, husbands, parents, children, searching for a slight turn a terrible fear into a no less terrible certainty, but the indifference and stolidity of the Chinese character were still very apparent in the crowd.

The hospital itself is a large two-story building with verandas, and it contains large airy wards of the usual character. Each ward, however, is divided by narrow wooden partitions into eight cells, in each of which is accommodation for two patients, who thus enjoy a certain degree of privacy. These Chinese have yet to learn the paramount importance in a hospital of the most careful ventilation. The beds consisted of boards resting on trestles, and covered by a grass mat, with a bamboo pillow, and by each was an earthen pipkin containing medicine. Many of the sick were smoking—some tobacco, more of them opium. We heard that in cases which were considered hopeless, patients were allowed to smoke opium ad lib. If so, the percentage of hopeless cases must have been high, judging from the number of patients who gazed at us with lack-luster eyes and listless expression. The other patients nodded sleepily to us, and the present of a cigar or cigarette evoked a numberless "Ching-chins." The wards themselves were fairly clean, but the patients as a rule were dirty, and among the uncleanest were the women. Other evidences of neglect. In the women's quarters came upon a group of some thirty or forty young girls, many of them really pretty, whose merry laughter and the vigor with which they puffed their shop-picks, emptying bowls of rice, fish, etc., suggested that they could not be patients. We learned that they were kidnapped girls, mostly from the mainland, who had been rescued by the police and were lodged at the hospital until claimed by their friends.

The dispensary was the place of greatest interest, perhaps. It was most neatly and methodically arranged, and the staff were hard at work making up prescriptions. Round the walls were numerous drawers, mostly containing dried plants, shredded roots, minerals, etc.; also, vessels filled with bones, huge nautilus-looking bivalves, as big as plums, etc. Among the bones fragments of a tiger's frame were shown as a great treasure, their use being to "make strong," as the dispenser explained. As each prescription was read and weighed out, wrapped up in brown paper, and marked with a brush. In an adjoining room we saw the rest of the process. Each packet of drugs was placed in a earthen pipkin, with water, and set to simmer on a charcoal fire, and the resulting decoction was sent to the patient in the pipkin in which it had been made. We then passed to the small-pox patients, each of whom was isolated in a large, dark, stone cell. Vaccination is little practiced by the Chinese, and consequently small-pox is very prevalent. But the committee of the hospital have organized a staff of vaccinators, who are doing good work.

We found a few hygienics confined in strongly-barred, padded cells, clean but dark; a few of the patients had chains on, but the majority were free. Our final visit was to the out-patient department, where we found a very pretty and cheery native physician, who greeted us courteously and showed us his implements, etc., consisting of pitch-plasters. His last patient, a wizened-faced, voluble old woman, was just going away, but she turned back and showed us a sore with a plaster on it. Evidently she was improving, for, pointing to her doctor, she exclaimed: "He number one piece," and then, her English being too scant to give expression to her gratitude, she proceeded to sound his praises in her own language, somewhat to the old gentleman's embarrassment, though he smiled and nodded pleasantly at her. After gazing in at a somewhat tawdry joss house we departed.

On our way back we visited the Alice Memorial Hospital, a new institution with a European medical staff. We were told that it was founded by a Chinese gentleman who had been a resident in England, and found on his return that his countrymen were too prejudiced to afford him any scope for his western science. The wards were clean and well ordered and full of patients. Already it has drawn a good many patients away from the Tung Wa.

Rule de by Degrees.

"You say he committed suicide on the installment plan! How's that?" "He moved from Chicago to New York, then to Cincinnati, then to St. Louis, where he took to drinking beer, then whiskey, went to a salacious eating house for his meals, and finally became a cigarette-smoker. What else could you call it?"

## CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

A Woman's Pen Picture of the Wealthiest of American Millionaires.

Here is a woman's idea of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. "He is," she declared to a New York reporter, "the farthest looking and best-dressed of our millionaires. This young man is decidedly attractive to the eye. He is of excellent height and figure, and his clothes, while never flashy, are immaculate, and exhibit plainly the work of a good tailor as can be found in New York. At the theater Mr. Vanderbilt is invariably in perfect evening dress, and the effect of cleanliness that he always produces is truly noticeable. I don't suppose there is a better groomed man in the city. His hair, solid chest and mouth always have the newly shaved look of a gentleman of leisure. His day whiskers just in front of his ears, and his eyes, which are blue, are seen worn before. Mr. Vanderbilt has the face of a thoroughly trustworthy and shrewd man of business. The forehead is broad and smooth, the eyes kindly with pronounced intelligence of expression. The mouth is set with the gentle strength of a man accustomed to rule and succeed. To liberate all that shrewd and courageous brightness of vision that you can find in a portrait of the old Commodore. I never see Cornelius Vanderbilt but what I appreciate his capacity for being very rich. It does not bother him or daunt him. Any man with his personal appearance must perform his duty at least sensible and decent. I have seen such faces in serious and industrious physicians, lawyers and ministers. I never saw a man with such a face who was not to a great degree successful in a worldly way. Serious, courtly, well-dressed, clean and solidly handsome, this is Cornelius Vanderbilt, still young, but with a well-grown family and millions of dollars."

## SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

Conspicuous Instances of Men Believing That They are Guided by It.

One of the curious facts of New York business life is that many persons are governed in their commercial ventures by the advice of the "spirits," says the Savannah News. One of the most talented men of the Cotton Exchange used to say: "I'm going to buy cotton. The spirits tell me it's going up," or, "I'm going down." I had a communication from the spirits last night to the effect that the market is going down." He failed once or twice, but finally the spirits seemed to give the right "tip," and now he is rich. In the summer I see him at Saratoga; he stops at one of the best hotels, drives a fine equipage out to the lake every pleasant afternoon, and his winter life in New York is in the midst of luxurious and cultured surroundings. He has a fine head, a broad brow, is the author of a valuable book, the materials for which cost him \$7,000 to collect, and he is well versed in literature and science. No one is more deeply read in the works of Herbert Spencer and others of the modern school of philosophers; no one is more acute as a reasoner on most subjects that engage the speculative mind. And yet he has been known to make remarks about the spirits and their knowledge of the future course of the cotton market that have made his friends stare with mingled amusement and regret. Such men of standing and undoubted intelligence on most subjects are invaluable to the spiritualistic chaperons.

There was a crank broker on the old-fashioned Stock Exchange, who, when the transactions in room and spirits of turpentine lagged on a dull day, would mesmerize the brokers. They would stretch out stiff as boards in mock obedience to his wonderful powers, and others would supplicate him in mesmeric tones of mock agony not to harm the "subject." In grave acquiescence to their pleadings he would give a lordly snap of his fingers, and the subject would come out of his so-called trance and weakly express a desire to have the mesmerizer "stand" a bottle of wine at Belmont's as a slight return for having submitted himself to his dreaded powers.

Commodore Vanderbilt was the dupe of fortune tellers and spiritualists, though any one else would have found it difficult to convince him. He was a coarse-minded man, with no education except that acquired in business life, which was very little.

A. T. Stewart was not the dupe of professional swindlers, but he had indulged himself in a few harmless superstitions. For instance, when he had his principal store on Broadway and Chambers street, a woman kept an apple stand in front of his store; and he imagined she brought him good luck—that she was a "mascot," though that term had never been heard in this country, and when he started his place at Broadway and Fourth street he fastidiously upon her moving up there in order that his good luck might continue. He lived on Fifth avenue two years after his marble palace close by was entirely completed, dreading to move into it because he had a superstitious horror of a new house. He lived in it only a comparatively short time when he died, and to-day no one knows whether his remains are in the crypt of his Garden City cathedral, or buried by the grave-robbers beneath a city's refuse.

## Manufacture of Crutches.

There are but three factories in the United States in which crutches are exclusively manufactured, one each in Boston, Philadelphia and New York. The crutches which meet with the readiest sale are those with elastic tops, which are generally made of rosewood, lancewood or rock maple, with a patent rubber-cushioned bottom. They sell for \$12 a pair. The "cow-horn" crutch is made of a cheap grade of maple with nickel-plated ferrules. The handles are securely fastened by a wire rivet running through both sides of the crutch and handle. This is light, tasty and durable. The crutches are made to order, then, prior to shipping upon the material employed in their construction. Some cost as high as \$100 a pair.

## Where Women Can Vote.

Twenty years ago women could not vote anywhere. To-day they have full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming Territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario and Nova Scotia, and school suffrage in these fourteen of the United States: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon and Wisconsin.



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